



### PIE IN THE CIVIL WAR.

An Instance When the Bug-a-Boo of Poisoned Pie Didn't Work.

"The first month out, in the other war, but few pies were eaten by the green troops. After that no pie dealer got away from camp with any of his stock.

"The officers, and especially the surgeons, did not want the men to eat pies. Mysterious reports of poisoned pies were started whenever we stopped for a day or longer. Such and such regiments had lost men by the poisoned pie route. These stories did their work for a time. One day I heard the colonel say to our surgeon: 'Doctor, have you started the drugged pie stories since coming to this camp?'

"No, sir; but I will do so at once." "I slithered the heels of the surgeon until he had told half a dozen captains and lieutenants to sound the alarm on pies. One of them asked him what he should say. 'Oh, say that Mansfield's brigade lost ten men day before yesterday by eating poisoned pies peddled by secessionists.'

"In half an hour the stories were flying through camp. In less time than that counter stories went over the same route.

"Right after dinner a delegation of one man from each company marched up to the colonel's tent and asked that official to appear.

"I was stage manager for the occasion, and when the colonel came out of his tent I saluted him and mournfully requested permission for the delegation to visit Mansfield's brigade.

"Why do you wish to go to that brigade?" asked the colonel.

"They are to have a military funeral, sir."

"That is not a good excuse for allowing you to leave camp at a time when we are expecting orders at any moment to march."

"But this is not an ordinary funeral, colonel."

"Why isn't it an ordinary funeral?"

"Because ten soldiers are to be buried. They died day before yesterday—died at the hands of the enemy. They were poisoned. We feel as



"BEGAN TO DEVOUR PIE."

though we ought to pay their memories this much respect. Can we go?" "Do you know positively that so many men in that brigade are dead?" "Yes, sir."

"Whom does the information come from?"

"A man close to you, colonel, the surgeon. I heard him tell our captain, and the captain told others."

"I'll call the surgeon."

"When the medicine man put in an appearance he was asked how he knew ten men of Mansfield's brigade were dead from poison."

"Why, I don't know anything about it—I haven't heard a word from the brigade."

"I asked him if he didn't tell the captain of my company that he had better circulate the news that ten men in Mansfield's brigade died in one day from eating secession pies."

"The surgeon looked at the delegation, at the colonel, gave a general survey and then laughed."

"I obeyed orders, colonel," said the doctor, "relative to pies, and I guess I did say something about the losses in our sister brigade."

"I gave the delegation a signal, and we then brought a left hand to the front and began to devour the pie it had held concealed from the colonel."

"The game is up, colonel," said the surgeon.

"I guess it is, doctor," said the colonel.

"As we filed right and marched away one of the boys called back: 'Yes, gentlemen, the game is up. We eat pie from this on.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Hard to Explain.

The fire ordeal is an ancient and unexplained phenomenon. It is also Biblical. Two physicians who recently investigated a Fiji miracle of this kind could offer no scientific explanation, although one liked the foot of a Fiji firewalker after the experiment, to detect if possible whether herbs or some non-conducting substance had been used. In experiment seven Fijians, not entranced, walked across and around an oven of red hot stones 25 feet in diameter. Thermometers swung above the stones registered 460 degrees Fahrenheit. The Fijians' feet were not even slightly scorched, and there was no smell of fire in their clothes.—Chicago Evening News.

### FIRST MAN TO ENTER LIBBY.

A Vermont Veteran Who Spent Over Five Months in the Terrible Prison.

Holyoke, Mass., includes among her citizens an interesting veteran of the civil war in the person of Philander A. Streeter, who was the first man to enter Libby prison at Richmond, Mr. Streeter, a Vermonteer by birth, was mustered into company C, Second Vermont volunteers, in June, 1861. He was captured after the first battle of Bull Run, through stopping to carry a wounded comrade from the field. He and some other prisoners were taken to Manassas Junction and shipped thence to Richmond, being the first



PHILANDER A. STREETER.

consignment of hated "Yanks" to enter Libby. Streeter says that the treatment they received from their captors was about what might be expected, but that the people of Richmond, particularly the women, were abusive in the extreme. On arriving there they were lined up, the Vermonters in the lead, and marched into the grim and dingy old place, which later was the scene of so much suffering. After being in Libby five months and fourteen days he was exchanged, having meanwhile been reduced in weight from 165 to an even 100 pounds. While in the prison he carved from the bones that accompanied their soups various little rings and other knickknacks, which he still keeps, along with the last ration of hardtack which was served out at the prison. This is still as fresh looking as ever and undoubtedly just as dry and tasteless. He also has a large collection of personal relics—the coat, cartridge box, blouse, cap cover, etc., that he wore while in the war. After a further, in which he recovered his health in some measure, he again went to the front and with his company saw hard service in the second battle of Bull Run, in the battles of the Wilderness and before Richmond.—Chicago Chronicle.

### LINCOLN'S JOKE.

His Funny Way of Fixing the Responsibility for the Loss of Harper's Ferry.

President Lincoln's jokes, especially when perpetrated in connection with grave matters, usually had a purpose in them. After Lee had taken Harper's Ferry, the president, realizing how great a calamity it was to the north-western arm, determined, if possible, to fix the responsibility for the loss of the important position.

Hallock was summoned, but did not quite know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask Gen. Schenck. The latter could throw no light upon the question further than to say that he was not to blame. Milroy was the next to be called to the presence of the commander-in-chief, and to enter a plea of "not guilty." Hooker was next given a hearing and Fighting Joe made a very emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility.

Then the president assembled the four generals in his room and said to them: "Gentlemen, Harper's Ferry was surrendered and none of you, it seems, was responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is." After striding across the room several times the president suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed: "I have it. I know who is responsible."

"Who, Mr. President, who is it?" asked the distinguished quartette, as they looked anxious, if not troubled.

"Gentlemen," said the president, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, "Gen. Lee is the man."

There was a lack of mirth in the laugh created, and the four generals took their departure with a determination that they would not again be placed under suspicion.—Detroit Free Press.

### Little Men Were Handy.

"We fellows were enlisted down on the Penobscot," said D. B. Cressey, of Lewiston, "and there were 25 of us boys who were too small to do the work, so the enlisting officer said. We went down to Augusta and were thrown out, while a lot of heavy woodchoppers and farmers were put in our places. Gov. Robie, who was paymaster then, got us back. And, do you know, we made better soldiers than all those heavy fellows, because we could get there. When night came we were always the first in camp, while the fellows who had the meat to lug around were coming in all night long. Well, we were down in Louisiana one time, and a raid into the enemy's country was proposed. It was to be made with cavalry, and they went through the regiments picking out the smallest men to make the raid. There were 1,800 of us, and not a man weighed over 130 pounds. It was a queer-looking crowd, but it got there, for the men did not tire the horses out, and at night they were fresh as could be expected. I think the light men make the best soldiers in the long run for many branches of army life."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### SAMPSON DID WELL.

Administration Is Satisfied with the Admiral's Work.

A Member of the Cabinet Talks Freely of the Santiago Campaign—Unjust System of Naval Rewards.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Strange it is that our government cannot do justice to worthy officers of the navy without doing injustice to other officers, equally worthy, who have had no opportunity to achieve distinction and renown.

Under existing laws and regulations our naval officers cannot be promoted in rank for heroic services without injury to other officers who have done no wrong, but who have faithfully performed their duties in every respect.

The naval officers hold their relative ranks by seniority of commission. For example, Jones, Brown and Smith are captains in the navy, each of them commanding a battleship. Suppose Jones was commissioned captain January 1, Brown was commissioned captain January 2, and Smith was commissioned captain January 3.

Thus, on the naval list, they stand as number first, second and third in the list of captains. They are all of equal rank; but Jones having been commissioned first stands number one. Consequently, when there occurs a vacancy in the ranks of commodore, Capt. Jones will be made a commodore. Then Brown will stand number one on the list of captains, and will be the next man to receive advancement to the rank of commodore, if he lives long enough. Of course, there are many captains, lieutenant-commanders, lieutenants, ensigns, etc.

Now, suppose Capt. Rice, who may stand number four on the list of captains, commands a ship in battle and wins a great victory. The only way the navy department can reward him is by advancing him one number, or more, on the list of captains in the navy. Suppose the navy department honors him by advancing him four numbers on the list of captains. That would place him above Jones, who does no wrong, and has had no opportunity to win a victory. Then, when a commodore is to be appointed, it will be Rice instead of Jones who gets the advancement.

This is palpably unfair, and our government should certainly find some method by which it may be just to our naval heroes, by conferring upon them well merited honors, without dealing injustice to other equally brave and patriotic men. Every naval officer who has been advanced in numbers on the naval list gains his new honors at the expense of his associates, and it operates with great injustice to many.

A pointed instance of this injustice that is visited upon some of our naval heroes in order to give proper honors to others is exhibited in the case of the captains of Admiral Dewey's fleet. By the advancement of the officers of Admiral Sampson's fleet that destroyed Cervera's squadron two of Admiral Dewey's captains find themselves two numbers lower on the naval list than they were before, and two others are each reduced one number on the list.

Another illustration of unjust effects of naval promotions by numbers was given in the case of Capt. Clark, whose cruise of the Oregon from San Francisco to Key West was altogether the most memorable of naval history, and yet he went into action at Santiago and performed prodigies in heroic results in the naval battle when he was two numbers lower than when he sailed from San Francisco. He has since been



COMMODORE PHILIP.

(A Vigorous Opponent of the Existing System of Naval Promotion.)

advanced, but his advance of six numbers leaves him a net advancement of only four.

No one can complain of the honors conferred upon the officers of Admiral Sampson's fleet, excepting only the questionable advancement of Admiral Sampson himself. All the others fairly won the distinction that has been awarded them, but it must be remembered that these advancements strike with fearful injustice upon all the other officers of the navy, most of whom would have won equal honors if like opportunity had been afforded them. Our naval regulations clearly need revision, and some equitable method of conferring honors upon naval officers should be adopted that would give justice to the heroic without injustice to others.

The advancement of Admiral Sampson eight numbers causes criticism. The commander of the fleet which successfully blockaded Santiago harbor has been in Washington recently, and he has at no time received such attentions as our people are accustomed to shower upon their heroes. The sentiment prevails that Sampson is not a real hero. When Lieut. Hobson arrived in Washington he received more enthusiastic attention at the depot than Admiral Sampson received during his entire stay in this city.

Politicians and newspaper men are usually careful of their expressions,

and they are accustomed to take only the popular side of public questions. But there are exceptions in all cases, and here is one in point.

The correspondent of this paper is inclined to be conservative, and to take no stand which might excite antagonisms. But in the case of Admiral Sampson the writer ventures to express an opinion in favor of the unpopular naval commander. There is a reason for this, as the reader will see.

One of the members of the cabinet is an old friend of the writer, and converses with him freely, well knowing that his name will never be quoted on public questions. While driving through the Smithsonian park this morning, the cabinet officer said: "I have had my own opinion of Sampson, as all citizens have had. But I have recently come into possession of official information which I cannot disclose in detail; but it is sufficient to convince me that Admiral Sampson deserves greater consideration than the people have been disposed to give him."

"In the first place, every reader will concede that Sampson has made no mistakes. That is a strong point in favor of any man who has the responsibility of command on land or sea. But even that does not make a hero. Nevertheless, you will agree with me that you cannot point to any mistake made by Sampson, either as the chief of the board of inquiry into



CAPT. CHARLES E. CLARK.

(Until Recently Commander of the Battleship Oregon.)

the Maine disaster or as commander of the fleet. Inasmuch as this naval commander has made no mistake there is no reason why he should be censured. That much every reasonable man will acknowledge. Therefore Admiral Sampson should not be looked upon with disdain.

"In the next place, Admiral Sampson has been successful in the disposition of his vessels. He has been successful in looking after the health of the men of his fleet, while patiently watching the enemy by day and by night. It is a wise commander who can have always in mind the health and comfort of the men for whose lives he is in every sense responsible. Thus we reach a point where Admiral Sampson deserves commendation."

"Now, after weeks of faithful service, bottling up Cervera's fleet, awaiting the coming of the army, it became necessary for Admiral Sampson to leave his fleet and go to see Gen. Shafter, the army commander who was prostrated with fever. Under the circumstances he restated his orders that, if the Spanish fleet should undertake to escape, the American fleet should close in and attack the enemy. Having thus performed his duty, Admiral Sampson sailed away to meet the commander of the land forces."

"Thus every duty was faithfully performed by him. There is absolutely no ground for criticism of this naval commander. During his absence on this important and patriotic duty, in the interest of his country, the Spanish fleet unexpectedly came out of the harbor and tried to escape. Instantly in obedience to Sampson's orders, the cruisers and battleships closed in on the enemy and vigorously attacked him. The entire Spanish fleet was destroyed, by the vessels of Sampson's squadron, under his orders."

"But, just as Sheridan was 20 miles away when the battle of Cedar Creek began, and just as Sheridan went galloping to the sound of cannon, Admiral Sampson hastened to rejoin his command, and arrived in time to witness the complete triumph of his fleet, which acted under his carefully detailed orders. He was not in the actual fighting, and has made no claim of that nature. He did not get into the fight, solely because his orders were so well obeyed that the work was well done by the vessels under his command. That very fact reflects credit upon his plans and discipline."

"Now, because Sampson was not an actual participant in the fight which resulted successfully, in accordance with his plans, and in obedience to his orders, I do not believe that the people will ever be inclined to look upon him as a hero. But the American people are lovers of fair play, and they will do justice by him. He has been a faithful naval officer for many years. He was the successful commander of the naval campaign which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish fleet; and that campaign was largely instrumental in the dethronement of Spain in Cuba. Let us do justice to this faithful officer. He is entitled to the advancement in rank which the administration has given him. He does not claim to be a hero. He asks only justice; and that he must have."

It had been his good fortune to be present on the occasion of the attempted escape of the Spanish fleet the people would make a hero of him."

All of this is true. We can afford to give honor to whom honor is due. We cannot afford to allow our impulses to run away with our good judgment, and thereby do injustice to any man who has served his country faithfully.

SMITH D. FRY.

From Grace.

He—One swallow doesn't make a summer.

She—But it sometimes is responsible for a fall.—Up to Date.



### A MODEL SCHOOL.

"If I were asked to give advice about our children's schools, The management," said Idle Kate, "should be by different rules."

"For Grammar is no use at all. With every noun and verb. Whose very names, it seems to me, sound simply quite absurd."

"Then History, with its endless wars, All mixed with kings and dates, Is just as senseless as to tell The square miles in the states."

"Another task the teachers give, I cannot understand. Why we must bound each continent, And every tract of land."

"In problems I have tried to solve The simple Rule of Three, But why I do these silly things I really cannot see."

"Now, I should scorn all stupid books, And throw them all away, And with my pupils just discuss The questions of the day."

"What dances were then most in vogue? What colors we should wear? What springs were best to patronize? When needing fresher air?"

"What etiquette should be observed In making social calls? And what department's rules require At dinners and at balls?"

"A woman, of exquisite taste, Should teach the larger girls The latest style of dressing hair In lovely bangs and curls."

"Some music also I would have, With flutes and clarionets, Pianos, too, and violins, And boys' and girls' duets."

"I could not possibly omit, A very useful part, Of education by the means Of sweet esthetic art."

"Now, all can imitate, With storks and lilies we could paint Each jug and jar and plate."

"A social chat should end the day, With nuts and cream and cake, With school conducted in this way Would keep us wide awake."

"Pleasure combined with work would be An economic rule; With this reform we should behold A truly model school."

"I will see yet," said Idle Kate, "This plan of mine succeed; For all I think must be convinced That this is what we need."

This school, alas! so nicely planned, Could never be arranged, For children still adopt the course She thought should all be changed."

And those who think they can avoid All labor, and attain To useful knowledge, soon will find Their hopes are all in vain. —Virginia G. Ellard, in Golden Days.

### A PHILIPPINE BOY.

Able to Manage One of the Huge Water Buffaloes, Used There as a Beast of Burden.

Charles B. Howard contributes to St. Nicholas a story of the Philippines, under the title of "Juanito and Jefe."

On an obscure little island in the Philippine group stands an obscure little native village; and in this village there stood, a few years ago, a certain hut, built, like the others, entirely of bamboo, and thatched with dried nipa leaves. In this hut there dwelt a chocolate-colored family, consisting of Mariano Pelasquez, his wife, and a sturdy 11-year-old boy, Juanito by name.

Old Mariano had lived as a boy in one of the large seaports, and there



JUANITO TUMBLED INGLORIOUSLY OFF.

had learned to speak Spanish fluently; and this language he had taught Juanito as he grew up, in hope that some day the boy might become a servant or possibly a clerk to one of the Spanish or English residents—preferably the latter, as the Ingleses paid better wages than the Espanoles, and were less liable to throw boots and dishes and things.

Mariano was a species of agriculturist whenever he chose to exert himself, which was seldom. He owned a tiny bit of land, on which stood a commodious hut and a faithful mango tree; but the pride of his heart was his carabao, or water buffalo, which tugged at the plow or rough cart on the rare occasions when Mariano took to farming. These carabaos are huge mouse-colored beasts, amazingly hideous in appearance, and very savage when wild, but they are docile as lambs when once tamed. Moreover, their tremendous strength is of great service, while their very slow gait is quite in accord with the ideas of the Philippine natives, and perfectly suits the laziest of races.

This particular carabao was called "Jefe" (which means "chief"), because he was the largest and strongest in the village; and the Pelasquez family took the same amount of pride in him that an English family would have in a thoroughbred race horse. Therefore

the head of the household was greatly exercised in mind one morning to discover that Jefe had broken his tether during the night and left for parts unknown.

"Oh, thou ungrateful one!" muttered Mariano; "and I was to plow today. Juanito!" he called.

"Si padre," answered Juanito, appearing in the doorway arrayed in a pair of short trousers, his customary costume.

"Good boy, to answer in Spanish," said the father, smiling, and holding out his hand, which Juanito dutifully kissed, as all good little Filipinos are expected to do every morning, and all bad ones must. "See," went on Mariano, "that pig of a Jefe has broken his rope, and gone probably to the river bend. Get from thy mother some breakfast and seek him."

Juanito looked thoughtful. "Perhaps the crazy Englishmen who arrived yesterday have stolen him," he suggested.

Two naturalists, who seemed English, had come to the village the evening before, and spent the night at the priest's house. Juanito had seen them, and had thought of "Hittie" else ever since.

"Ingleses do not steal carabaos, thou monkey," answered Mariano. "These two particular lunatics seek only bugs and snakes. Thinkest thou that they could put Jefe in their pockets? Haste away, now, and come not back without him."

Juanito secured two plump bananas from his mother and trudged away across the fields toward the bend in the river. Carabaos at liberty for the time being always assembled there to sink themselves up to the eyes in the cool water, and to doze in comfort, defying their insect tormentors.

Juanito munched his bananas as he went along in the cool morning air, and soon was pushing his way through the bushes which skirted the river, following the path worn by the buffaloes in their pilgrimages. Coming out on the bank, he saw, apparently floating on the surface, about a dozen huge horned heads, which turned slowly and fixed as many pairs of big, sleepy eyes on the coming boy.

Juanito studied them carefully.

"Aha!" he exclaimed at last, "there thou art—thou with the biggest horns! Come here, Jefe!"

But Jefe was too comfortable, and would not come; so Juanito finally took off his trousers, and waded in until he could climb up on the great beast's back. "Now get up, big stupid!" he shouted, pounding the massive head vigorously with a small fist. Either the insult or the thumps had the desired effect, and, with many sighs and grunts, Jefe scrambled laboriously to his feet (almost submerging his companions in the waves created by the process), and splashed shoreward.

Juanito secured his trousers, and mounting again, urged his ponderous steed along the path. As they emerged from the bushes, Juanito caught sight of two figures across the field, dressed in white, with huge sun helmets, apparently examining something closely. "Hola!" exclaimed Juanito, "the two English lunatics. Let us go and see what they have found, Jefe."

I may say here that all the ignorant natives of the far east, being unable to understand their ways, came to the conclusion long ago that the English and American races were composed entirely of harmless lunatics.

Jefe, having been at last persuaded to turn his nose in that direction, proceeded, one leg at a time, toward the two white figures.

Now there is a peculiarity about these Carabaos of which Juanito was unaware; and that is that, although they can be controlled and led by a six-year-old native, if necessary, at the same time, in those parts of the islands where a white man is a rarity the sight of one seems to drive the creatures frantic, and they will often attack with all the fierceness and fury of a wild bull a white person who has not given them the slightest cause; and their attack is really the more dangerous to the victim, for a carabao's horns are each as long and thick as a man's arm. A single carabao has been known to attack and kill a full-grown tiger.

Consequently, Juanito was hardly prepared when, about half way across the field, Jefe raised his head aloft, and began to utter strange, nasal grunts, pricking his great ears forward; and was still less so when the hitherto placid beast of burden quickened his steps into a sort of side, and then broke into a lumbering, elephantine canter.

"Haya! qua tiene tu? (What hast thou? what is the matter?)" shouted the amazed Juanito, striving to maintain his balance. But Jefe's sides were still wet and slippery, and in another moment Juanito tumbled ingloriously off.

### Rat and Snake Kept House.

Joseph Garrish found a log along the Potomac river, near Williamsport, N. Y., and proceeded to chop it into firewood. While he was in the act of splitting the log he was surprised to see a snake three feet long and a large rat occupying the same nest in the hollow of the log. Both rat and snake, which seemed very friendly friends, attacked Mr. Garrish. The snake coiled for a spring and the rat made for him, biting viciously at his feet and finally running up his pantaloons leg to his waist. The rat was finally shaken out and dispatched with an ax and the snake experienced a similar fate.

### Wrong Sort of Strength.

"You speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to strength of don't mind my son William surpasses anybody I ever knew."—Tit-Bits.

### Big Bodies of Water.

The Pacific ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.